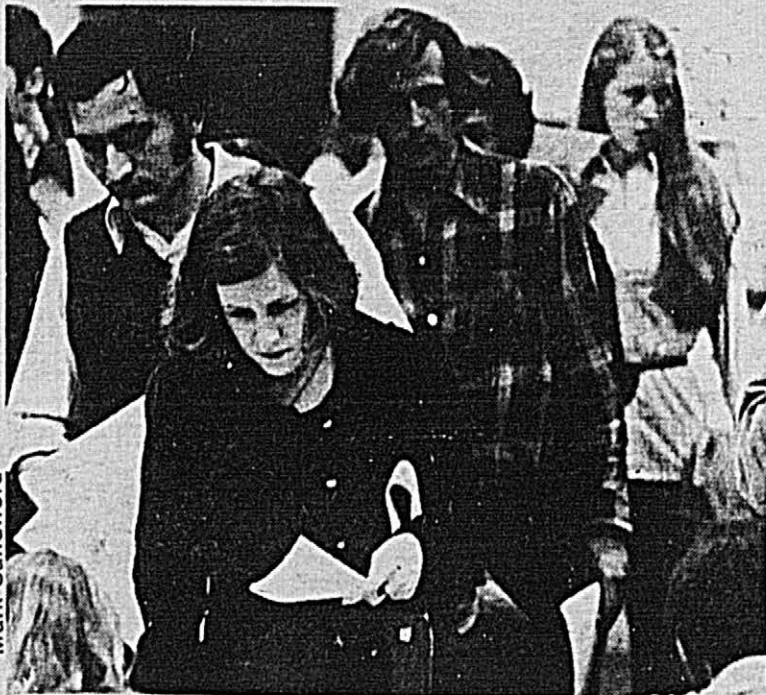


Poor planning at Gym

By Christine Pak

Last Wednesday, hundreds of dripping McGill students finally entered the Currie Gymnasium to register for the Department of Athletics. After soaking in the rain for over an hour students were disgruntled about "the bad organization" and the interminable waiting. By the end of registration courses were filled, leaving a waiting list of over 600 people, not including the many who had already left in frustration, without adding their names.

Lionel P. Staples of the Department of Athletics, in charge of registration, called the event "unfortunate" but insisted that the "organization was there". The Department, he said, had not anticipated a lineup stretching from the gym to University Street by 5:30 pm, official registration opening. He conceded that shelter from the rain, such as the Molson Stadium entrance, should have been made available. Yet, Staples felt that the unfortunate circumstances "served a pur-



Fall registration ended for another year yesterday...

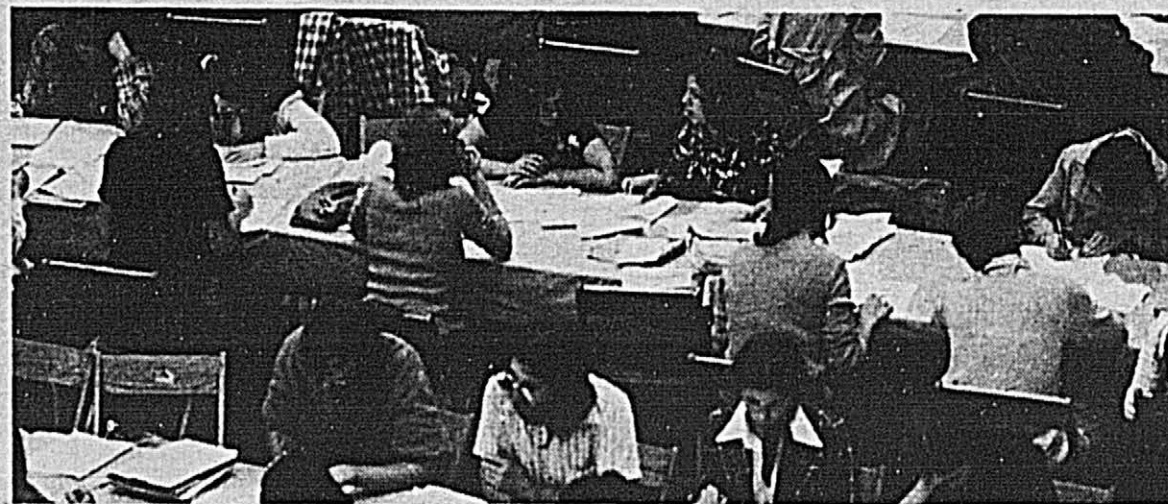
pose", for they would "make important people at the university realize the importance of athletics". And perhaps the budget could be expanded to include more courses.

While the popular leisure time activities such as social dance, tennis and squash have an increased number of sections each year, the Department still cannot cope with increasing demand. However a few afternoon courses, such as the martial arts and skating, do have some vacancies. Even though registration did provide for the annual increase in the number of registrants, it did not provide for this year's surplus

demands.

Though Staples felt they had done a reasonable job in keeping up, he hoped that the students would see the Department "as a service and not as a private enterprise". The Department is still working in a constrained area, despite this year's \$10 hike in student fees.

"We apologise for the problems the students had to go through" said Staples. He expressed hope in eliminating last week's shortcomings for the coming autumn registrations and added that students on waiting lists would be given priority in the upcoming courses.



...but course change continues until October 1.

Rape conference set for October

By Veronica Brady

A case of rape. Not at all the simplistic phrase it appears to be, the handling of rape is a complex ordeal involving many groups in society.

McGill University, in conjunction with the Montreal branch of the Rape Crisis Centre, is seeking to broaden and enlighten the public's view of rape. They will be sponsoring a conference on campus, October 15, 16, and 17, with the hopes of alleviating misconceptions and ignorance about the subject.

The primary concern of the organizers is a re-education of the public, aimed at clarifying rape as a major social issue and showing how society deals with it.

Those conducting the conference also hope to bring in the more proximate aspects of rape. Information on rape occurring in the City and the amount of legal and medical aid available for its victims will be discussed.

Lastly, the speakers, the seminar leaders and the panelists hope to inform people of ways rape can be controlled. This would require, for instance, active community groups trained to deal with different phases of rape.

The conference will also delve into more specific areas. Organizers plan at least one seminar on self-defence, bringing into focus the idea that women need not succumb to their attackers, but may in fact become the dominant character in a conflict and thus gain control of the situation.

Time has also been allotted to the problem of child

molesting. Advice on sex crimes involving children will be made available to parents, teachers and others.

The conference strives to awaken social conscience and deal with rape on every level. The action itself and its aftermath. What goes on during the act both emotionally and physically? What happens to the victim once she seeks medical attention? What about dealing with the police? How will the law handle such violent crimes?

Much knowledge and experience has been compiled to try to arrive at answers to these questions. Two women from the Chicago Women Against Rape, Andrea Medea and Kathleen Thompson, will be speaking on Friday night. They are also the authors of the book, *Against Rape*.

Giving seminars on Saturday are two members of the New York Radical Feminist Movement and Joani Bance, National Sister of Rape Crisis Centres across Canada, will also be on hand.

A great deal of fear and apprehension revolves around the very word rape. Bearing this in mind, those conducting the conference strive to annihilate the ignorance, old wives' tales, and frightening mysteries that have bound themselves tightly around this crime of rape.

In addition, lawyers, teachers, police and people from the Montreal community and Quebec City will be present and working for a successful outcome.

The conference is open to the public and the only charge, which is minimal, is on Friday night. Saturday hosts the seminars and the panel discussions are reserved for Sunday.

Ministers leave student aid unchanged

HALIFAX [CUP]—Canada's provincial education ministers will make recommendations on student aid changes to the federal government soon, but these won't include a proposal to increase that aid.

At the close of the Council of Ministers of Education of Canada (CMEC) meeting here September 21-22, Manitoba education minister Ben Hanuschak said "The federal government has not been approached to increase its funding of the student aid program," expected to be overhauled sometime soon.

Nova Scotia education minister Maynard MacAskill said the issue was discussed, but the ministers had nothing else to report about an expected new national student aid program.

The meeting was called to discuss the federal government's plans for increased involvement in post-secondary education policy, according to CMEC chair and PEI education minister Bennett Campbell.

The ministers told new secretary of state John Roberts that the provinces will set the terms for federal plans to increase second-language pro-

grams and would not give up their jurisdiction granted under the British North America Act.

The ministers had nothing to say on the effects expected from the changes that the federal-provincial cost sharing would have on post-secondary education, despite a report from informed sources that the Fiscal Arrangements Act (FAA) was to be on the agenda.

Under the FAA, due to expire in April 1977, the federal government matches dollar for dollar what the provinces spend on their respective post-secondary education systems.

Recent FAA negotiations, however, reveal the federal government will abolish this system and replace it with a transfer of tax points to the provinces.

The smaller and poorer provinces have said their small tax bases will mean decreased financing for education when the new system comes into effect next year.

Future CMEC meetings will discuss the interprovincial mobility of students, improving Canadian studies, and cooperation in various programs, the ministers said.

Information Meeting

The presidents of all student undergraduate faculty societies and all student senators are requested to attend an information meeting with the student member of the Trustee's Advisory Policy Committee at 2 pm Thursday in Union 123.

Daily Staff

An editorial board or not? This question and others for those interested in the managing structures of the Daily at a meeting in the office at 4 pm.

Mildon & Morris



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continued on page 12

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Colin MacKinnon 284-6513

Mike Crombie 288-3080

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between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m.

The Weekly

How the peacock got its tail

In the papers you read pishogue and t.v. peezees to omadhouns and oonshicks. Yesterday is sish and however we turn everything we touch shules. If Falstaff was a sadogue and Malevollo a gilderoy, at least they weren't squabby like us. I want to tell you a tale now.

Way back when, in the garden of Eden, Adam and Eve necessarily had tails. Most of the good fruit was high in the trees and besides Adam liked to romp around with the monkeys every once in a while for old times' sake. Their tails were poison indicators which would fan into multicoloured plumages in the presence of the substance. Unfortunately, when Eve saw the fruit of the tree of good and evil she was sitting on hers and it malfunctioned. After she and Adam ate the fruit, God looked at his Original Parents and called them gommils and gave their tails to the peacocks who were already gilderoy, hoping they might be saved from plaumash one day. He left men tales but to this day the strutting peacocks fan at the sight of poison while men have only a fraction of the talent of recognition left, especially when they are sitting on their original tails.

Way back when, there was hope in dreams, hope in pessimism, hope in death and hope in life. The only things which weren't hopeful were the statics: despair and complacency. The sixties believed in bubbles and the fifties believed in troubles. What do we believe? We're the banquet-hall generation. The Anglo-Saxons used to tell a tale of the warmth and wealth of the banquet hall into which a sparrow might fly for brief respite from winter darkness. The catch was that the bird



always had to fly out again. We're seventies sparrows, suspended in the hall, never quite believing there's a winter out there. In hopeful, hopeless complacency we hear it peezeing its pishogue but somehow can't care enough or believe enough to go through blackness to light.

We're sitting on the answers—our tales. Energy in our art... energy in us. Our university might be a huge organ-box full of art-energy if we could spread our wings, fan our tails, but the tales lie like coals waiting to be fanned. The energy lies dormant in the darkness outside the banquet hall.

In Canada we have characters and dialects awaiting the shrine and growth of good art. Don't let them die. Listen to them, read them once if they're bad and support them when they're good. Talk about them in our big organ-box. The good will grow after the bad and the ugly.

—Kim Echlin

Petit glossaire

All words used are from the Newfoundland Department of Tourism's publication *Historic Newfoundland*. If you would like one write E.W. Jamieson, Confederation Building, St. John's, Nfld.

1. gilderoy — a proud person
2. gommil — a half-fool
3. omadhouns — a foolish person
4. oonshick — a person of low intelligence
5. peeze — to leak in small bubbles
6. plaumash — flattery
8. shule — to move away backwards
9. sish — ice broken to particles by surf
10. squabby — soft as jelly

Naked at Eaton's

There are three necessary elements for the success of a literary magazine. First, there must be a sufficient quantity of high-quality material available. Second, there must be proper organization so that all effort can be placed on the literary aspect of the publication. And third, there must be a dedicated editorial staff which can objectively examine material and organize it in a sensible manner. This year's *Cyan Line* has enough of all three of these elements to make it an outstanding accomplishment.

In a university of McGill's size and calibre there will never be a shortage of good writers. So much material has passed by *Cyan Line's* eyes since its conception that editing has been a painful and laborious task. Had it not been for the long hours put in by Kathryn Esplin, and by an equally commendable group of reliable staff members, all the fine, promising literary material being produced at McGill would go unrecognized.

Last year's issue—the first one—contained a remarkably brilliant

supply of poetry. McGill's hidden talents blossomed exquisitely, despite budget worries and a small overworked staff. The quality of material has not diminished and organization has increased with the inclusion of an imaginative short story, the return of several outstanding poets from last year, and a line interview with F.R. Scott, McGill alumnus, emeritus professor in the Faculty of Law, and prominent poet. *Cyan Line* has branched out into a format which is solid and far less limited than that of the first issue.

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Should my prediction be wrong, I
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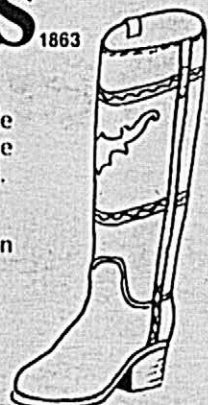
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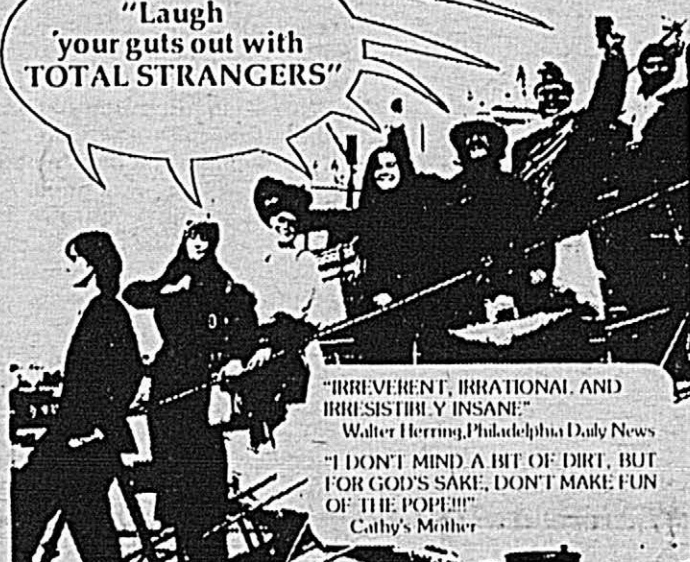
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Just drop in any night, Sunday through Thursday, to the Daily office located in the basement of the Union and do your bit for a better world tomorrow.

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DAILY UNION BASEMENT

Renaissance des Beaux Arts

This summer, while most McGill students were sunning or working for COJO, the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts took down its "Pardon our closed doors" sign and reopened as a new and exciting museum with a new building, expanded collections, more things to do, and a more open idea of the role of the museum.

The \$10 million expansion programme was the result, according to Bill Bantey, a spokesman for the Museum, of a sincere desire to open more of the Museum's extensive and often hidden collections to the public. Mr. Bantey said that before the three-year renovation programme, barely two-fifths of the permanent collection was exhibited at one time due to lack of space. "Whenever a special exhibition came in, it was impossible to display any of the permanent collection."

The new Museum of Fine Arts is both renovated and expanded. A new wing was added to the older buildings, which were themselves redesigned to fit in with the conception of the new wing. The result is a virtual doubling of the exhibition area while maintaining the unity of the space.

In the new Museum, there is a total of thirty-four galleries, as well as sculpture courts, a four-hundred seat auditorium, a cafe, and a larger art reference library. As a concession to overheated art viewers, as well as protection for humidity-endangered paintings, air conditioning was also installed in the complex.

The permanent collection, with its works by Rembrandt, El Greco, other European and Canadian artists, has thus found a visual environment that is, while not perfect yet, at least comfortable for the viewer. It is a pity that some of the finest pieces, especially the three Grecos, should have an annoying glare from poor lighting blot out parts of the picture from various angles. When asked about the problem Mr. Bantey said that "Though some things were done in a hurry due to recent problems in the construction industry, we think things will straighten out in another couple of months."

Besides having an enlarged exhibition space for the great many works already in its possession, the Museum has acquired new works of surprising quality in the last three years. Leading these is a large painting by P.P. Rubens of leopards and other allegorical figures. The leopards, which do not threaten the other figures in the group in any way, remind the viewer of the healthy, indeed one might say facile conception of Rubens' work. Other acquisitions include a finely realistic portrait from Ingres, an etching from Rembrandt, an unsigned painting from the seventeenth-century French Master Poussin, a series on the Seven deadly vices by the Dutch painter Hendrick Colltus and African and Asian works.

Mr. Bantey also enthusiastically described a schedule of special exhibitions, films and lectures culminating in a show of European painting on loan from Russian museums. The forty-two works from two Leningrad museums, range from Cranach the Elder to Picasso. The



Photos by Eva Friede

exhibition, which has been seen in six other North American cities, returns to the Soviet Union after its stay in Montreal. It is unlikely that many of these works which have never left the USSR before will be seen on the North American continent for quite some time. The show starts October 9th and runs to November 14. For this particular exhibition, there will be an admission price of \$2.50.

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McGill students can best take advantage of the Museum's activities by obtaining a student membership card. The cost is five dollars. Members are invited to previews and openings; they receive information on upcoming events; and they are admitted free to the gallery for most exhibitions.

—Richard MacDonald

Renaissance des Beaux Arts

This summer, while most McGill students were sunning or working for COJO, the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts took down its "Pardon our closed doors" sign and reopened as a new and exciting museum with a new building, expanded collections, more things to do, and a more open idea of the role of the museum.

The \$10 million expansion programme was the result, according to Bill Bantey, a spokesman for the Museum, of a sincere desire to open more of the Museum's extensive and often hidden collections to the public. Mr. Bantey said that before the three-year renovation programme, barely two-fifths of the permanent collection was exhibited at one time due to lack of space. "Whenever a special exhibition came in, it was impossible to display any of the permanent collection."

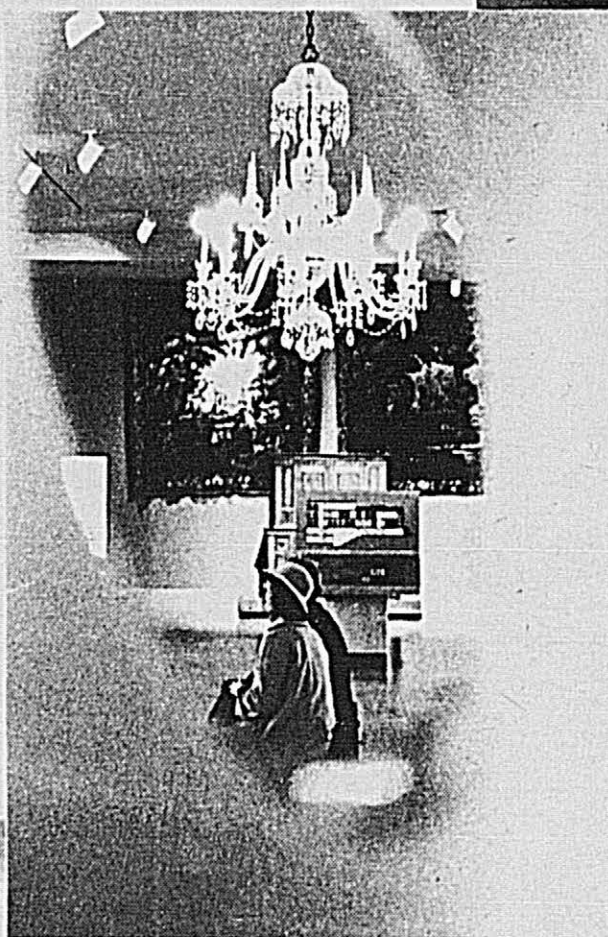
The new Museum of Fine Arts is both renovated and expanded. A new wing was added to the older buildings, which were themselves redesigned to fit in with the conception of the new wing. The result is a virtual doubling of the exhibition area while maintaining the unity of the space.

In the new Museum, there is a total of thirty-four galleries, as well as sculpture courts, a four-hundred seat auditorium, a cafe, and a larger art reference library. As a concession to overheated art viewers, as well as protection for humidity-endangered paintings, air conditioning was also installed in the complex.

The permanent collection, with its works by Rembrandt, El Greco, other European and Canadian artists, has thus found a visual environment that is, while not perfect yet, at least comfortable for the viewer. It is a pity that some of the finest pieces, especially the three Grecos, should have an annoying glare from poor lighting blot out parts of the picture from various angles. When asked about the problem Mr. Bantey said that "Though some things were done in a hurry due to recent problems in the construction industry, we think things will straighten out in another couple of months."

Besides having an enlarged exhibition space for the great many works already in its possession, the Museum has acquired new works of surprising quality in the last three years. Leading these is a large painting by P.P. Rubens of leopards and other allegorical figures. The leopards, which do not threaten the other figures in the group in any way, remind the viewer of the healthy, indeed one might say facile conception of Rubens' work. Other acquisitions include a finely realistic portrait from Ingres, an etching from Rembrandt, an unsigned painting from the seventeenth-century French Master Poussin, a series on the Seven deadly vices by the Dutch painter Hendrick Coltius and African and Asian works.

Mr. Bantey also enthusiastically described a schedule of special exhibitions, films and lectures culminating in a show of European painting on loan from Russian museums. The forty-two works from two Leningrad museums, range from Cranach the Elder to Picasso. The



photos by Eva Friede

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—Richard MacDonald

Portrait of the st

Ah! Paris in the Springtime! The Montmartre dotted with rows of bereted, goateed artists, sketching with dramatic sweeps of charcoal, who exclaim, "Je vive pour l'artel; l'argent, ce n'est rien!" This popular conception of the sidewalk portraitist and scene sketcher, the eccentric genius burning his candle at both ends, has been perpetuated through films and in other media. But how valid is this myth of the bohemian street artist who scorns money as a necessary evil and paints only to express his inner torment?

Sitting alone at a table in a bar, Carroll stares melancholically into space. When I sit at the table with a friend he looks aside and after a while produces a portfolio of sketches and begins to look at them. I ask to see them, and as I look through the stack of pen-and-ink and watercolor sketches of Quebec, Montreal, and Paris, he says,

"You don't like them?"

"Yes, I like them."

"You like them a little."

"No I like them a lot," and inevitably, "How much are they?" They are quite inexpensive and I buy a scene of the Montreal slums, done in blues and greens for four dollars.

After talking with him for a while I begin to see contradictions between what the artist says and what he actually does. Carroll himself believes unquestioningly in the romantic myth of the artist, while facts show more practical considerations.

For instance, he describes his own life in art as being carefree and footloose and romantic, but he seems lugubrious and nervous, and very well-versed in the art of the soft-sell. He claims to have had no formal training but his sketches show the conventions of representational art. For example, I ask if I can do a portrait of him and work on it, drawing what I see, drawing the shadows created by the light in the bar. The sketch is pathetic, so he finishes it, drawing in lines that I can't see, and when he has

finished, I have a technically good sketch of him as he would appear on a sunny day, but not as he looks in the bar. Only training in anatomy and structure give an artist the knowledge of how things should look, of what will produce a resemblance.

Also he claims to survive only on his artwork, that he has no other means of support. But he has just returned from four months in Paris, which, with airfare and even minimal living expenses, must have cost more than the income from innumerable four and five-dollar sketches.

Finally he declares that he does not want to be published, for that would be too commercial, but the sketches he shows me are ones that he sent to the Montreal Star, where he was trying to get a job as a sketchist. Something does not synch.

Carl Santos, a young, energetic Spaniard with a fierce curly moustache, is opening a gallery, the Galerie d'Art dos Santos, on 3464 Park Ave., (tel. 288-9271), this weekend, which will be last weekend when you read this. The gallery will feature painting and sculpture by himself and two other artists. My photographer, Carla will testify that I received no kickbacks or free portrait for the plug, but ask her how she got the free sketch.

Santos does portraits on the corner of McGill and Ste. Catherine, "just to make money", preferring to work in his studio. He works on the street four months of the year, June through September, doing portraits in color for \$25 and in black-and-white for \$15. The portraits take about twenty minutes. But in the studio, he says he works "ten hours a day, 366 days a year," using the training of three years in an art school and two years of private study. On the street he is a hard-line salesman; he approached a family, patting the two little boys on the head, and said to the parents that he would draw both their sons together for the price of one portrait. The father mumbled along the lines of "Well, I've been meaning to have it done, but I'm afraid you caught me on a bad day..." Undeterred, Santos ushered one of the children over to the chair, but the father claimed lack of funds and said he would come back another day, so Santos gave him one of his business cards. Charm, but with a sneer.

Of all cities, Carlos likes Montreal best; Paris is better artistically but the people are not as friendly; he has also exhibited in Spain. The city is quite benevolent towards street artists, who need only a ten-dollar licence to practice for a year. But some artists refuse even this bow to the bureaucracy, and police have begun to check for licences more stringently, three times in the past month, says Santos, who was recently caught with an expired licence, which he quickly renewed.

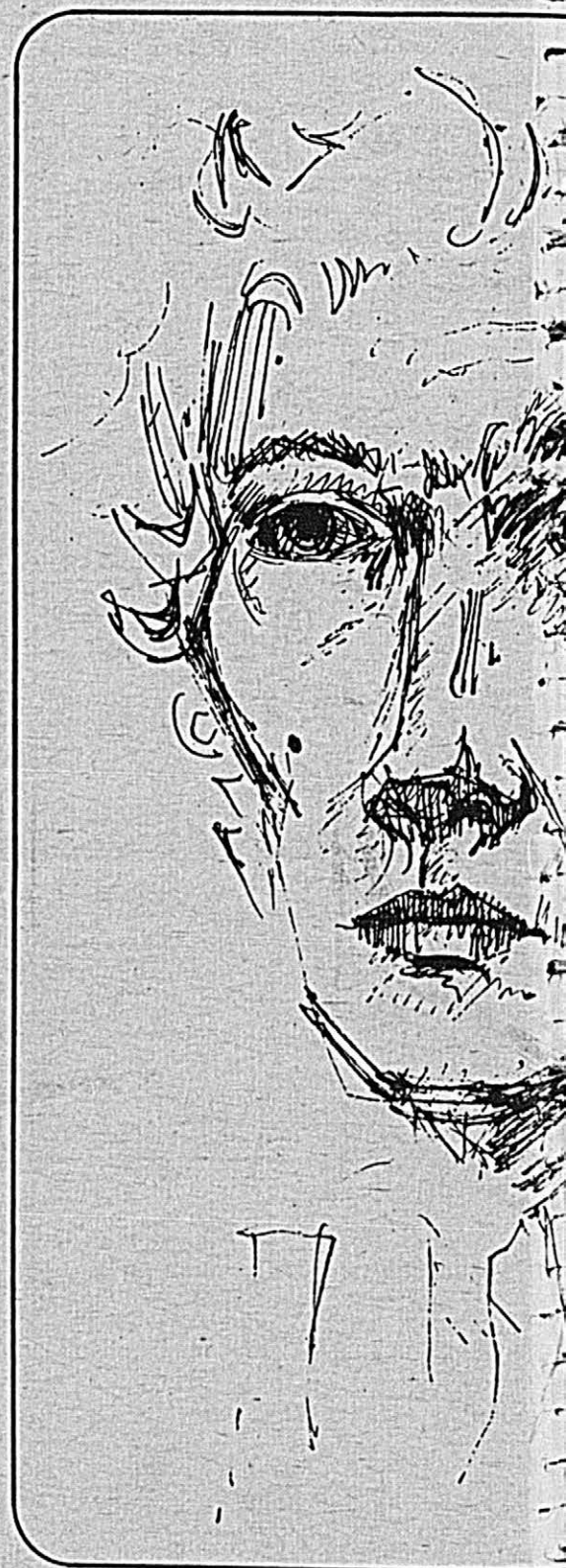
While he disdains street art as totally commercial, Carl reveres his life as a studio artist. He states

unequivocally, "It is not possible (for me) to not paint. If I broke my arm, I'd paint with my foot. If I couldn't paint, I'd just kill myself. It would be more honest."

Many artists also have sellers, whose sole function is to exhibit the works on the street and collect the money. As one said, "Me, no, I'm not an artist, I'm a rip-off artist." The main reason for the sellers is to allow the artist to continue working. But the introduction of a middle man puts the art in a commercial context; the painter has no contact with the buyer and he has someone "on the payroll." But the sellers themselves adopt the characteristics of the myth of the street painter, dashing wildly about, kissing everyone (ask Carla) and



photos by Carla Leshne



reet artist as an old myth



television talk shows. From time to time he also lives on unemployment insurance and welfare.

Montreal is his favorite city, his "secret base", and he sees Montreal as an emerging cultural centre. When he first started working, twenty-two years ago, "there was nothing to be proud of, but now there is." Paris has outpriced itself.

Bourdage feels that there are too many shysters on the street. "If a person gets a lousy picture, the artist cons them into buying it, then they go home and look at it and don't like it and they won't come back.

"Artists lose their customers because of these people. And people who want to come are reluctant. When I paint a good picture, people tell their friends and they come." To solve this problem, Bourdage suggests that a jury of three prominent artists decide who, artistically, qualifies to be a street artist, "even if it means that I have to go." He also wishes that the City would close off traffic on McGill Ave. from Ste-Catherine to Cathcart, so that an artistic community could establish itself, setting up boutiques, shops, cafes, and some sort of covering for artists to work under during bad weather. A "Square des Artistes", he envisions, "like they have in Paris."

He denigrates artists who try to look like An Artist, dressing in frocks and wild colours and wearing goatees. "They spend so much time looking like artists that they don't have time to paint," he says. To him only the art itself is important. Feeling that the typified wild life of an artist is harmful to many artists, he advocates "clean living, enough sleep, and good food," and tells of his own experiences with drinking. Believing the maxim, "Artists drink a lot of wine," he confessed "I was so drunk all the time, I was paranoid, people must have smelled it. I used to think I needed liquor to give me courage, but I can be just as inspired without it. I used to have hangovers and feel rotten; I painted a guy's face in blues and greens — horrible! He loved it . . . I used to go off in the bushes for a glass of wine." But now, he says, "I always see something in (a person's) face that I like. I want to draw people with smiles." Indicating another artist: "He always draws people mean; he is a mean man and he thinks that the teeth take too long to draw. But the people like it."

He feels that patrons are gullible and perpetuate the myth of the painter as a moody genius. "Only 10% know what they really want, the rest don't know what good art is. The rich are spoiled. They have a lot of money and don't know what to do with it. A painter can't look too rich or people won't buy."

But he likes working in the art field, instead of a steady job, because "every year it's a different story. I like to try new things." He travels a lot over different parts of Canada and in

Europe and says "I try not to come back to the same place (except Montreal). Variety is the spice of life." When asked how long he planned to stay in the city, Bourdage smiled and said "I bought one-hundred pieces of velour. When that paper's finished, I'm finished. I have sixteen sheets left."

So the myth of the street artist romantically continues, because of artists who themselves believe it, and because the customers demand it. But some painters send their drawings to market like cabbages to the customers through a distributor. And some, like Bourdage, treat the business as a business, wishing it had less bohemian demands and more stability and regulations, more security. Some, like Santos, distinguish between real art and street art. This is an important

distinction. For in essence, the difference between an artist and a street artist is the difference between a genius and a technician, or a madman and an adman. The goal of the artist is expression of his own unique vision, while the goal of the street artist is cash, and their artwork must show a reasonable, if selective or flattering likeness of the customer. But accomplished artwork alone doesn't always sell, and what can clinch the sale is a personality made familiar and comfortable by the patron's own preconceived notion of "Oh, those whacky artists." This is a very cynical viewpoint, but the viewpoint of much modern advertising: Give the customer a good show. The work is surrounded by the atmosphere of The Artist and the artwork is not judged on its own merits.

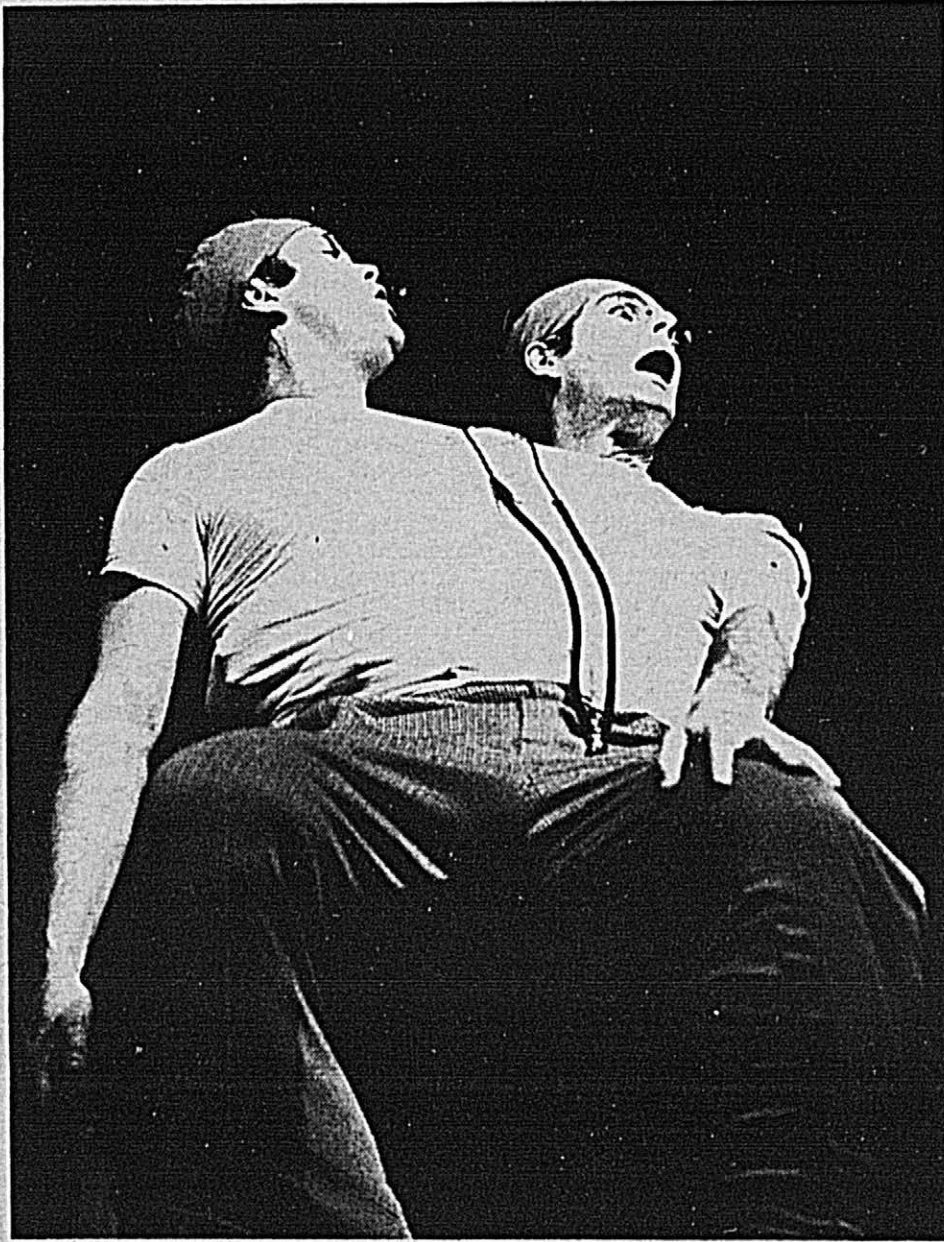
So it's only natural that the customer should be fed The Myth, since he demands it. But when the artist himself begins to believe The Myth and lives according to the rules of someone else's game, he risks confusing the technical and spiritual sides of his artwork, which is not productive to progress in either field. —Chris Pomiecko



proclaiming the genius of the artist. So the myth is portioned out, to the studio artist, to the street artist and even to the sellers. Why?

On the other end of the spectrum is J.E. Bourdage, a middle-aged man who sits calmly, legs crossed, as willing to talk as he is to paint. Bourdage is an established portraitist, having painted portraits of many famous people, including Brigitte Bardot. He studied in Paris, Rome and London. To him, art is an occupation, not a way of life. In fact, he does artwork only from June to September; in the other months he purposely avoids the profession, to clear his mind and get new inspiration. He works in clubs and at odd jobs, and has also appeared on radio and

Codco; an odd co.



Codco presents a two-headed doctor and many more absurdities this week at the Centaur.

To say that something is funny and to proclaim it out loud in a theatre review is to put a critic in the awkward position of being responsible. What if people were to pay their precious money to see a show they've been guaranteed they'll laugh at and they don't. It pretty well destroys one's credibility. This critic, however, is willing to take that risk by saying that **Codco** at the Centaur Theatre will provoke anywhere from the tiniest titter to non-stop hysterics from even the most staid individual.

Codco is eight actors from Newfoundland who have pooled all their resources as comedians, political critics, singers, and commentators of the contemporary scene to produce a motley combination of vignettes.

Working with only four chairs and a piano, **Codco** jumps from a church sermon given by a "frigging" out-of-his-mind priest to the admitting room of a hospital through which pass a two-headed doctor, a pregnant eight-year-old, a male ballerina etc. etc. Strange and very amusing. To say that **Codco** "jumps" from each scene into the next is no exaggeration. The energy level of all the actors is high, tremendously high. Their timing for the most part is brilliant, and where it is not the humour tends to fall on its nose, but never completely on its face.

Newfoundland and the stereotypical Newfie are the subject, or rather the object, of many of **Codco's** skits. Dressed in orange double-knits that end four inches above white bobby socks, and in baby-pink cardigans, the people of the "happy province" talk of fish and resettlement plans and happy politicians who are happily getting fat on their fish while they, the people, happily go without any plumbing. **Codco** is very adept at creating credible characters and in their renditions of Newfoundland

people they are particularly strong in presenting the real.

Aside from Newfies, typically atypical members of society are also brought onstage. For example, Morton, the dying child-molester of whom I will say nothing more (for fear it will destroy the story for potential viewers) than that he is the protagonist of an outrageous **Codco** plot, accompanied by a very catching tune which refuses to leave my head.

Every scene is a social comment and while this could yank an otherwise uproarious audience down from their cloud, it merely serves to give the humour a more piquant punch. Furthermore, in order to appreciate **Codco** it is not necessary to be in the know; their humour is not exclusive. This is a particularly commendable quality and gives all the more reason to take any if not all of your friends to see them.

Codco is the result of a bunch of friends from Newfoundland who, while studying acting in Toronto independently of one another and discovering that the most common reaction was "Newfies are too stupid to act", decided to show them what's for and start their own group.

Codco has been in existence for three years but they will be breaking up to go their own ways in January. According to one member, Cathy Jones, "We are getting tired." They have been touring heavily throughout Canada and have even dropped south to Jamaica where they learned from native Rastafarians that it is unnatural to brush one's hair. Having gained this knowledge, several **Codco** members have not since brushed their hair for three years. Hence their hair now hangs in bulky locks which does not look offensive on stage, but up close it is mighty peculiar. Funny is as funny does. —Sasha Cunningham

From the Cockpit

Moving horizontally along the vertical bars of man-made confinements, Jerzy Kosinski takes the reader on a magic carpet ride into the strange, yet familiar, terrain of the twentieth century.

The author deftly zeroes in on sexual depravity, the fallability of bureaucracies, and the dog-eat-dog mentality of today's leaders.

Although these affairs may seem tiresome and already exploited by the media, Kosinski more than succeeds in portraying these themes in a seductive and unique fashion.

Tarden, whom we know by no other name, devotes his time and money to pursuing the lives of absolute strangers.

His clever plays draw his victims from their fortresses, exposing what is more sensitive to light.

In certain situations the protagonist is kind and generous; in others he is pointlessly callous, killing as effort-

lessly as he deceives.

Tarden seems to be the embodiment of a moral reaction rather than simply a physical intruder into the lives of those around him. His responses are appropriately geared to the fluctuating absurdity of modern day concerns.

Occasionally, he receives a lesson himself as a result of his interferences. Upon these circumstances he is sneezed forth like an unwanted particle of dust.

Elsewhere, he is absorbed as nourishment, infusing life and luster in place of sadness and frustration.

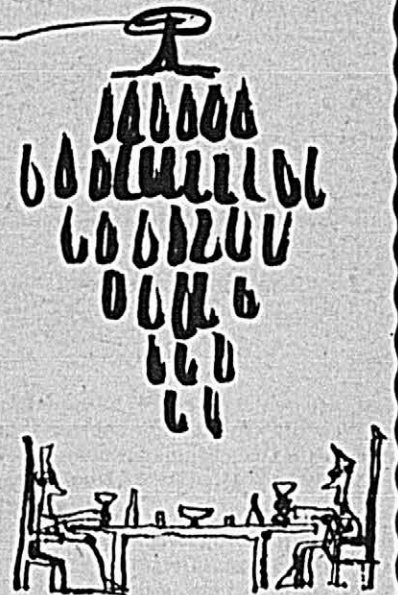
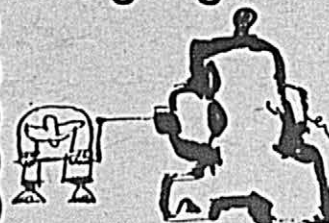
The total effect of Tarden's short but pointed episodes yield a novel that falls somewhere between shock and humor.

Extremely readable and thoroughly absorbing, **Cockpit** is an adventure that will leave you counting your blessings.

—Darryl Benjamin

The Weekly is short on people-power. Come and give us a hand.

We meet every Wednesday at 5 in the Daily office—but you can drop by any night to help us out, offer suggestions or just be part of the gang.



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Fri. Oct. 1: **Une Femme Mariee**
with Macha Méril; Dir.
Jean-Luc Godard
L 132, 7 & 9:30 75 cents

Sat. Oct. 2: **The Lords of Flatbush**
with Susan Blakely &
Henry Winkler; Dir.
Stephen Verona
L 132, 7 & 9:30 75 cents

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FALL SCHEDULE BEGINNING 1st WEEK IN OCTOBER

1. **Assertive Training Workshop.** Practice in developing appropriate assertive skills for a variety of social situations. Assertiveness is not aggressiveness, it's just the ability to effectively express your wants and needs. 8 sessions, Tues. 2:00-4:00. Sign up by phone. D. Albright.

2. **Assertive Training for Women.** Practice in developing appropriately assertive skills which enable women to deal comfortably and effectively with their environment. Includes discussions, exercises, role playing and films. 8 sessions, Tues. 2:00-4:00. Interview required, phone for time. Rhona Steinberg.

3. **Career Alternatives Workshop.** For U-2 and U-3 students in B.Sc. programs who would like to consider vocational alternatives to medicine. 3 sessions, Wed. 3:30-5:00. Beginning Oct. 6 and beginning again on Nov. 10. Sign up by phone. A. Price.

4. **Gestalt Encounter Group.** Heighten awareness in an ongoing group utilizing the Gestalt techniques of tuning into the here and now of personal and social experience. 10 sessions, Wed. 3:00-5:00. Interview required, phone for time. D. Albright.

5. **Graduate School Information Workshop.** For graduating students. Information session discussing the "how-to's" of applying to graduate school, particularly in the social sciences. 1 session, Wed., Oct. 27 from 3:00-5:00. R. Steinberg.

6. **Helping Skills Workshop.** Practice in developing the communication techniques of active listening, accurate empathy, confrontation, etc. Of special interest to persons planning careers in the helping professions. 8 sessions, Mon. 2:00-4:00. Sign up by phone. D. Albright.

7. **Human Awareness Group.** Personal growth and improved interpersonal functioning through guided group interaction and feedback. 10 sessions, Thurs. 1:00-3:00. Sign up by phone. T. Maroun.

8. **Human Sexuality.** A group format for the purpose of gaining information and exploring sex-role expectations and stereotypes. 6 sessions, Mon. 2:00-3:30. Sign up by phone. A. Price.

9. **Study Skills Workshop.** Developing skills in timetable scheduling, summarizing text, answering objective essay questions, note-taking and other essential study procedures. 6 sessions, Mon. 11:00-12:30. Sign up by phone. A. Price.

10. **Vocational Exploration Group.** A group approach to making career plans including vocational testing, exploration of occupational information and brainstorming. 6 sessions, Thurs. 3:00-5:00. Sign up by phone. \$2. testing fee. D. Albright.

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Montreal Sound: A Jazzy Club...

"Le jazz n'est pas mort; that's our slogan," insists Doudou Boicel. Boicel is the manager of both **The Rising Sun** and **La Case de Doudou**, a vegetarian restaurant. Opening last February, **The Rising Sun** gave local jazz musicians an opportunity to perform and organize. The club has launched several successful groups, including **Wintergarden**. At first, **The Rising Sun** used only musicians from Montreal, but as the popularity of the club grew, additional talent was imported from the United States. In the beginning, performances were given on two days;

now **The Rising Sun** operates every night, with shows at 9:30, 11:30, and 1:30.

Much of **The Rising Sun's** present success stems from Boicel's fanatical dedication to jazz and his hard-working organization. As he says, "You have to give all your body, twenty hours a day." Hurrying around the club, dressed in a tan pancho, whispering to the band members ("I told them to play the blues"), publicizing future events during intermission in a rapid mixture of French and English with a Caribbean accent, telling anecdotes from his vast

knowledge of jazz, promoting local players, Boicel is an exotic and interesting person. Six years ago Boicel moved from Cayenne in French Guiana to Montreal, where he started **Visionary**, a non-profit school for underprivileged children in this area. Then in February, with Rose Mahey from Holland and Yolande Lessard of Montreal, he opened **The Rising Sun**.

Boicel feels that jazz gets short-shrift in the media. Critics in city newspapers give little attention to jazz events, except **Nighthawk**, the jazz critic of the *Gazette*. Her article on the club, blown up into a poster, greets the customer at the door. And the radios will play only pop and rock, except for **Lin Dobin** of **CJFM** who has a jazz program on Sunday afternoon.

The lack of opportunity to perform discouraged musicians from pursuing careers in jazz. Also, Boicel feels that Canadian musicians for a long time felt that they couldn't compete musically with America.

The club itself is not impressive but rather unobtrusively conducive to enjoyment of the music. Seating about 250, the club is intimate, dark and

smoky, an excellent visual and acoustic accompaniment to the performances. The audience is subdued and concentrates on the music. Some people shadow-play the instruments; many bring their own instruments, hoping to contribute to one of the infrequent jam sessions. The club used to run jam sessions on Sunday afternoons, but they were not always successful or fruitful, and were dropped from the schedule. The price of admission is \$2.50; waitresses serve drinks: \$1 for beer and \$2.50 for mixed. The club also operates as a restaurant before the show begins.

The Steve Barry Blues Band

"Well it's country time down at the ol' **Rising Sun Cafe**... We don't know how to play blues. We don't even know how to spell it..." Thus spoke Steve Barry, guitarist and vocalist, as his six-man band attacked the classic "Six Days on the Road". But the audience wanted the blues and gave the song tepid applause. So the band went into gear. Performing as a musical unit, they focus on interacting. Their instrumentals were splendid, highlighted by short solos and duets from various instruments. However, they desperately need a competent vocalist.

Especially impressive was Jane Fair, who plays alto, soprano and baritone saxophone, as well as clarinet, all with growling, plaintive, wailing trembling intensity. Jane stands sullenly on stage; when she's not playing, she steps away from the spotlight and behind an amp, looking blankly into space. But when she plays, she's a study in total concentration. Of all the members of the **SBBB**, she is the least communicative with the other musicians, although musically supportive. When Steve Barry playfully shook his fist at her during one of her solos, her only response was to stare at him as if he were a piece of shit. This apparent resentment stems perhaps from the fact that she's having a hard time breaking into a "man's field": jazz saxophone. This is the reason that Boicel is fervently promoting her; he knows how good she is, and he says, "it is very difficult for a woman to play (professional) saxophone. It's a ghetto." More on Jane Fair in a later (hopefully) interview, but try to catch her when she's featured at **The Rising Sun**.

Coming events at the **Rising Sun** September 27-29: **The Brian Hurley Trio** (this is only a convenient title, because most local groups at the **Rising Sun** are nuclear and constantly re-forming and changing combinations) ... Brian Hurley on bass, Ted Quinlan on guitar, and Gary Lindner on drums.

September 30 and October 1 and 2: **Citizen's Band**, a folk group from Vermont.

October 3 and 4: Ernie Nelson (a McGill student) — Piano. (Ernie Nelson is also a member of the group **Odyssey**, who play at the club regularly.)

October 5-10: Art Blakey and group. Blakey is a very influential jazz drummer, playing since 1947 with varied musicians including Donald Byrd, Freddie Hubbard, Keith Jarrett, and Chuck Mangione.

And... coming in December... **Muddy Waters**.

— Chris Pomiecko

...An Irish Pub

There is a pub called **Molly McGuire's** in Ottawa, and apparently it is very popular with the students there. Elaine McCay, in charge of entertainment for **Molly McGuire's**, commutes between the establishment in Ottawa and its counterpart here in Montreal. Finding that the **Molly McGuire's** in Montreal did not draw the same clientele, not to mention quantity, of clientele, she asked the *Weekly* to do a spiel on it.

First of all, **Molly McGuire's** is overwhelmingly an Irish pub. The walls are ersatz stucco-and-wooden-beams. The carpeting is green, the formica tables are green, the lighting is green, the barkeeps are dressed in green. The whole place is done in green. Just so you get the point, an Irish pub.

Consider the music, (read live entertainment.) Elaine McCay explained that the pub engages a new band for a couple of weeks or so, as well as a regular duo that plays the downstairs room on busy nights (I never did get to see what was upstairs). The music is Irish sea songs, Newfoundland sea chanteys, Atlantic Provinces ocean-going ballads, you see what I mean. Now this is nice stuff. The night I was there I heard Brian Davis from Dublin (half of the downstairs group), and John MacDonald and Schooner from the

Maritime Provinces region. It was good. I really liked it, I have no complaints there.

What I do have complaints about is:

This type of musical performance benefits greatly from the presence and participation of an audience. I think this is the type of thing a college audience could get into, as apparently they do in Ottawa. A large, boisterous and friendly crowd would also serve to camouflage the over-obvious décor.

My advice to you, dear McGill reader, is to go down to **Molly McGuire's** one night (by the way, Mrs. McCay mentioned that MM's plans in November to initiate an amateur Atlantic Province balladeer Monday nights) and fill up the place. Get involved with the spirit of the thing, drunk and inhibition-free, and give **Molly McGuire's** East a chance to prove itself.

As a final word, in the name of objective reporting I feel it my duty to mention that, the night I was there, the manager of **Molly McGuire's** Pub sent me a carnation. It is red and white, and is presently sitting in a 100 ml volumetric flask on my shelf. Thanks again.

— Kathryn Gradner



today

McGill Film Society:

Meeting today at 5 pm to discuss assorted pertinent and intriguing matters. Interested students invited to attend the meeting Union 464, call the office (392-8934), or see us at tonight's film ("Foreign Correspondent", L26, 8 pm). All ideas and suggestions welcome.

ASUS

Deadline for budget requests to the Arts & Science Undergraduate Society is today in the ASUS mailbox in the Student Union. Call Treasurer Jerry Robin at 285-9073 for further info.

Motorcycle Club:

Meeting today at 2 pm in Union 307. Everyone is welcome. Happy riding.

Women's Fraternity:

Welcome all women to the last rush coffee of Kappa Kappa Gamma from 3 to 5 pm at 3580 Lorne Ave. Apt. 806. See you there!

Grad Student ID Card Validation:

Validate ID cards from 11 am to 7 pm, at David Thomson House, 3650 McTavish. Happy Hour to follow, 8-10 pm.

McGill Graduate Students' Associates:

Tonight at 8 pm in Thomson House (grad. centre) is our first meeting. Whether you are a woman graduate student or the wife of a graduate student, you should come and meet us.

Auditions:

"The Real Inspector Hound", a

comedy-farce by Tom Stoppard; Players' Theatre, Union third floor at 4-5 pm.

McGill Film Workshop:

First meeting of the year to discuss format and projects. All welcome. Union 464 at 5 pm.

Women's Fraternities:

Kappa Alpha Theta, a women's fraternity, invites you to lunch at 3563 University, apt. 17. Tel: 844-7824. Please come.

AIESEC:

International Management and Economics Students' Society. We offer practical business experience and some summer jobs abroad. Come see our booth today 11-2 Bronfman Cafeteria for more information.

McGill Ski Team '76

All skiers (not just racers) are invited to the first general meeting of the McGill Ski Team 76 at 5:15 pm in the Currie Gym.

History Students Association:

Holding its first meeting of the year this afternoon at 3 pm in Leacock 617. All history students are encouraged to attend as elections will be held for departmental positions.

Gay Coalition Against Repression:

General Assembly of coalition tonight to discuss orientation conference this fall, as well as ongoing campaigns against police repression in the gay community and the public campaign for gay civil rights. 7:30 pm in Union TV lounge (main floor). Info: 937-8485, 843-6337.

Community McGill:

Looking for more involvement in the Montreal community? How

about volunteer work? Come and see us. Community McGill, in Union 411 between 12 and 3. We would like to talk to you.

Fine Art Class:

Model and material provided. Sketching and drawing class open to all McGill students. Morrice Hall, rm 107. 6-8 pm. Instructor: Ahmed Yar Khan.

letters

Statement Concerning Economics Students' Problems with the Dean of the Faculty of Arts.

In a memorandum dated September 13 addressed to the Chairman of the Economics Department, the Dean of Arts, Robert Vogel, announced his refusal to allow the use of departmental contingency funds for the purpose of hiring six Teaching Assistants. After a close examination of the issues involved, we cannot but strongly oppose this decision. We consider it to be an unjustifiable departure from established practice and a serious infringement of the rights of the students involved.

Dean Vogel's refusal has two implications: one concerns the Reading Room, the other concerns Teaching Assistants.

The Reading Room has, up to now, been in operation ever since the Leacock Building was built. It has been of immense help to students and faculty. Students have had easy access to books and specialized journals and a quiet study area where these can be consulted.

Faculty members have had a secure place where they can deposit papers and course notes.

For the past few years, the operations of the Reading Room have been financed by contingency funds, which consist of accumulated departmental budgetary surpluses. This practice has never before been challenged; in fact Dean Vogel has supported it ever since it became established. His recent decision however not only challenges past practice but unilaterally modifies it. There is no justification for closing down the Reading Room.

There is no academic justification: students need the Reading Room. There is no budgetary justification: the funds belong to the department. Vogel's stated reason for closing the Reading Room down is that it is operated by Teaching Assistants; this is the second aspect of this distressing verdict.

Dean Vogel is undoubtedly aware that the proper functions of Teaching Assistants and the guidelines specifying what these proper functions should be, have never before been defined anywhere in the University. Why does Dean Vogel arbitrarily define them now? Last fall the Faculty of Arts set up a committee on Teaching Assistants. This committee was and still is mandated to deal with these issues, both the contingency fund issue and the proper functions of Teaching Assistants issue. The Vogel ruling

obviously bypasses a Faculty Committee which the Dean himself agreed to set up.

A final aspect of the present situation concerns the Dean's refusal to allow the Department to hire Teaching Assistants not employed in the Reading Room. This refusal, as we know, only applies to the Economics Department. The Department of Sociology, for example, easily received approval quite a while ago, when it hired some of its Teaching Assistants out of contingency funds. Delays and discriminatory rules apply only to the Economics Department; the result is that a good number of deserving and qualified graduate students are deprived of financial support and thus unjustifiably penalized. We know of at least three instances in which students will have difficulty renewing their required Canadian visas.

The most recent problems created by Dean Vogel's decisions are only part of what appears to be his unsympathetic attitude towards the Department. All of the Dean's recent actions are disturbing and unjustified. We therefore strongly question their validity.

In light of the above, and given the urgency of the matter, we ask that Dean Vogel reverse his decision, allow the Reading Room to operate, allow Teaching Assistants to be normally appointed, and permit all economics students and professors to get on with important academic work. The Dean's stated reasons cannot stand serious examination.

-The ESA Executive

Across the country the working class is preparing a massive demonstration of class power on October 14. On this day the Canadian proletariat will take a great step forward in the fight against the hated wage and "price" freeze. It will be an incredible day—the first general strike in Canada's history.

During the first year of Trudeau's wage freeze Canadian capitalists and their state have been attacking the working class. The "Anti-Inflation" Board has slashed 1,900 wage increases since Bill C-73 came into effect in October of 1975. Wage increases for which workers had fought long hard battles to receive have been cut to keep within limits of 8-12 percent the first year, 6 percent the second, and 4 percent the third.

Meanwhile the AIB has slashed a grand total of two price increases. Just recently gasoline and postage prices went up. In fact, prices are going up at the rate of 8.9 percent per year. Profits naturally are rising very nicely. They are up 38 percent in the manufacturing sector alone for the first six months of this year.

It has become increasingly clear that certain sections of the bourgeoisie have become disgruntled with the ceiling on profits, such as it is. Profits were to be limited to 85 percent of the average between 1970

and 1974. They can now go as high as 95 percent, thus allowing corporations to easily mask their profits.

The wage and "price" freeze was the brainstorm of the Canadian bourgeoisie in response to inflation and a stagnant economy. It was in response to the crises that the entire capitalist world encountered in 1974-75—a crisis that had reached epidemic proportions. Unemployment in the U.S. was the highest since 1941. France, Great Britain, and Italy each had more than one million unemployed. Machines went idle, products went unsold, and profits went tumbling.

With its back to the wall the Canadian bourgeoisie sought to shift the crisis onto the working class. Over one million workers were going to be renewing their contracts in 1976. The bourgeoisie struck hard—the AIB went into action. Almost a year has passed now and the Canadian working class is not going to take any more. On October 14 the country will grind to a halt—the working class is about to strike back.

The Canadian bourgeoisie has been stricken dead with fear. The cost to them when workers across Canada lay down their tools will be around 500 million dollars. Still more frightening to them is the rising political consciousness of the workers. They have

threatened huge fines and mounted anti-union propaganda campaigns, saying that the unions are too strong. They play the union bureaucrats up as too militant, when in fact they betray the workers' interests. The union bureaucrats represent the bourgeoisie within the workers' movement.

Labour bureaucrats like Joe Morris of the CLC were forced to call a general strike because of mounting pressure from rank and file workers and the utter failure of their attempt to contest the legality of the Trudeau Law. However, they try to undermine the militancy of October 14 by calling it a "day of national protest". Further, they try to divert the goals of the general strike. While workers want to smash the wage freeze because they are not fooled by the role of the A.I.B., the union bureaucrats hope to use the workers' militancy as a bargaining chip. They want to set up tri-partite commissions, i.e. boss-state-union committees, to discuss all the political and economic questions in the country, including the Trudeau law.

But tri-partism is a dead-end road for the working class. First, it falsely implies that the interests of the bourgeoisie and those of the working class are fundamentally the same, i.e. to get the economy back on its feet again. It completely obscures the fact that the bourgeoisie can only exist by

OP-ED

"The Canadian bourgeois has been stricken dead with fear"

oppressing and exploiting the working class. Second, it falsifies the role of the state by making it seem to hold a neutral position between the bourgeoisie and the working class.

In reality, the state is not a third separate power in society but exists, and always has, in order to defend the interests of the ruling class. In a capitalist system, no matter what party, Liberal, PC, or NDP is in power, the state will always serve the bourgeoisie.

Students are not generally directly touched by the Trudeau law. However, they who have to work to continue in school, and those from a working class milieu. However, the Trudeau law is only one example of the repressive measures the Canadian bourgeoisie uses against the Canadian people in the face of its economic crisis. Recently, we have seen cutbacks in education, health services, unemployment rolls, and welfare payments.

The working class is the leading force in the fight against the oppression of the bourgeoisie. Students cannot stand outside the class struggle in society. Indifference is objective support for the bourgeoisie and the oppression of the broad masses of the people.

McGill Circle of the Canadian Communist League [Marxist-Leninist]

Flag Football Clinic

Girls, come learn the rules with Brian, Steve, Alex and Jeff.
Time: 5-7 p.m.
Place: Molson Stadium (in case of rain report to Currie Gym)
Date: September 30, 1976

Interested in Kapparot?

ב"ה



To participate in this ancient Jewish custom of spiritual catharsis, to usher in Yom Kippur (the Day of Atonement), all Jewish students are invited to come over for Kapparot, a meal, a talk...

**WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY
SEPTEMBER 29-30, 1976**

**ALL DAY
YOM KIPPUR SERVICES**

Candle lighting	October 3, 1976	6:14 P.M.
Kol Nidre	October 3, 1976	6:14 P.M.
Morning Service	October 4, 1976	9:30 A.M.
Yizkor Service	October 4, 1976	12:30 P.M.
Fast Ends	October 4, 1976	7:14 P.M.

Wishing everyone an easy fast and a complete repentance paving the way for the true repentance with the coming of the Mashiach.

classifieds

continued from page 2

FOR SALE

Walnut 9 piece DINING ROOM SET for sale. Excellent condition. Best offer above \$350. Call 844-5706 after 6 p.m.

MAZDA 616 '72, AM FM, low mileage, mech A-1, body excellent. Price negotiable. Call 392-4510, 849-8432 eves.

Harmony Acoustic GUITAR, excellent condition, \$40; Hohner Soprano MELODICA, with case, like new \$10. Apt. 1002, 3474 Hutchison St., after 6 p.m.

JUDO OUTFIT, size 4, \$20. Phone 282-1747 evenings.

Queen size WATERBED, brand new and in excellent condition. Also beautiful Persian tapestries. Call Vince 288-8634, 10-11 a.m. or afternoons.

GIBSON GUITAR (SG Standard) and case. Both in good condition. Price to be discussed. Call Mario at 366-5331.

JOBS

TEACHER to teach Math to intellectually handicapped adults, 1 evening per week, Lachine. For further information call Jane Marcella at 637-6784. Urgent!

WANTED

WILL BUY small refrigerator. For information call Molson Hall, Room 629 at 285-0225.

PERSONAL

PROBLEM? Feel you need to rap with a rabbi? Call Israel Housman; 341-3580.

LOST

BRIEFCASE removed from my car at University Centre Garage on Tuesday, Sept. 28. Please return valuable papers to Students' Office or phone 489-1634.



Did you check
your ads today?



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left at Weston Pool

last year must be claimed by owners from office A115 before Thanksgiving (by Oct. 8). After that date all unclaimed suits will be given away to a worthy cause.

Lambda Chi Alpha Fraternity

Lambda Chi Alpha, an international Fraternity with more than 200 chapters across Canada and the United States, invites you to view a Fraternity.

Open House -
3505 Peel St. (Just below McGregor)
Wednesday, Sept. 29
9 a.m. - 5 p.m.

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FIGURE SKATING INSTRUCTOR NEEDED

Apply Athletics Dept. Room G35 Currie
Phone 392-4548

SPECIALS OF THE WEEK

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Judy Collins — Bread & Roses
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Jesse Winchester — Let the Rough Side Drag
The Band — Best Of
Dionne Brégent — "La Troisième Jour"
Stanley Clarke — School Days
Montrose — Jump On It
Roxy Music — Live
Nazareth — Close Enough For Rock & Roll

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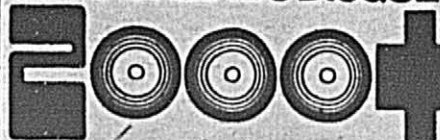
Beegees — Children of the World
Strawbs — Deep Cuts
Aerosmith — Rocks
Joan Baez — From Every Stage
Jeff Beck — Wired
Rainbow — Rising
Elton John — Live
Peter & The Wolf — Various Artists
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Streetwalkers — Red Card

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